



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the living organism, we shall be left wondering still". Once again, in summing up, he notes how biologists have been swinging back to Aristotle. The paper concludes as follows:

In wonderment, says Aristotle, does philosophy begin, and more than once he rings the changes on the theme. Now, as in the beginning wonderment and admiration are the portion of the biologist, as of all those who contemplate the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is.

And if wonderment springs, as again Aristotle tells us, from ignorance of the causes of things, it does not cease when we have traced and discovered the proximate causes, the physical causes, the efficient causes of our phenomena. For beyond and remote from physical causation lies the end, the final cause of the philosopher, the reason why, in the which are hidden the problems of organic harmony and autonomy and the mysteries of apparent purpose, adaptation, fitness and design. Here, in the reign of teleology, the plain rationalism that guided us through the physical facts and causes begins to disappoint us, and intuition, which is of close kin to faith, begins to make herself heard.

And so it is that, as in wonderment does all philosophy begin, so in amazement does Plato tell us that all our philosophy comes to an end. Ever and anon, in the presence of the Magnalia Naturae, we feel inclined to say with the poet:

οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' αἶψα ποτε
γῇ ταῦτα, κοῦδαίς οἶδεν· ἐξ οὐτοῦ φάνη.

"These things are not of to-day nor yesterday, but evermore, and no man knoweth whence they came".

I will not quote the noblest words of all that come into my mind; but only the lesser language of another of the greatest of the Greeks: "The ways of His thoughts are paths in a wood thick with leaves, and one seeth through them but a little way".

C. K.

THE LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEK¹

There are certain defining points in every human life. They begin new stages in the man's existence. They are at bottom essentially the same in every age, nationality, climate, and estate of civilization. Every boy (this paper does not take up, except incidentally, the career of girls) must be born, play his childhood games, begin school, mayhap in later years go to war (even in our modern centuries no

¹ This paper, which is not meant to be an exhaustive treatment of all the topics touched upon, but only a popular account of some aspects of Greek private life without the aridity of too great detail, was read at the annual meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at Princeton University, April 22, 1911. The author hopes that it will serve to interest teachers of Greek in this field of Greek study, which should be pursued along with the study of the language. An excellent text-book is Gulick, *The Life of the Ancient Greeks* (Appleton, 1902). A more popular book is Tucker, *Life in Ancient Athens* (Macmillan, 1906; cf. my review of this book in *American Journal of Philology* 28.359 ff.). Of value is also the *British Museum Guide for Greek and Roman Life* (1908). The more detailed and scientific works will be found cited in these books. Some important recent monographs dealing with the subjects of the first part of this paper are Heubach, *Das Kind in der griechischen Kunst* (Heidelberg Dissertation, 1903); Ploss, *Das kleine Kind vom Tragbett bis zum ersten Schritt*; Bryant, *Boyhood and Youth in the Days of Aristophanes*, *Harvard Studies*, 18.73 ff.; but especially to be commended is the recent dissertation, which owes much to Loeschke, by Van Hoorn, *De Vita atque Cultu Puerorum Monumentis antiquis explanato* (De Bussy, Amsterdam, 1909).

generation seems to go by without its war), mayhap get married (for that is the usual doom of men), enter upon his trade or life-work, and finally have his funeral. The ways of the Greek at these successive points of new departure from the cradle to the grave make the substance and indicate the simple order of the points of this paper, which should be entitled Stages, or perhaps better, New Starts in the Life of the Ancient Greek.

It hardly need be said that even the Golden Age of Greek Literature and Art loved the arrival of a girl less and the arrival of a boy more. When the midwife said it was a girl, the parents of harder hearts frequently exposed the child upon the neighboring mountainside to be eaten by wild beasts. The same cruel course might be followed, but seldom was followed, even if a boy was announced. Parents who were possessed of tenderer sympathies but were nevertheless conquered by dread of care and expense, knowing that compassion is the handmaid of piety, frequently tucked the little one into an inviting basket of straw or into a large open earthenware vessel and stealthily left it in some such place as the steps of a temple, where the tender mercies of the childless or of lovers of children prevailed to take it home and bring it up. Such exposures are frequent in Greek comedy. In the recently discovered comedies of Menander Pamphila exposes the child with a ring on its finger.

Of course the fatal exposure of infants must have been quite limited after all, or there would have been danger of race-suicide. When the parents were ready to save and rear the girl, a tuft or two of wool was at once hung out at the door. A similar custom existed in certain towns of Europe till comparatively recent times. For example, an interesting manuscript preserved in Gainsborough, containing certain old stories written about 1620 by the mother of Sir William Hickman in her 85th year, speaks as follows of a pretty evasion by Rose Lock of popish baptism in Antwerp: "Whereas it is the custom there to hang at the streete doore, when a woman lyeth in, a little piece of lawne, it was so, yt our house opened into two streetes, therefore I hanged forth a piece of lawne upon either side or doore, to ye end yt the neighbors on either side might suppose that it went out at the other door to be baptised".

As I have said, then, when a girl was born a tuft of wool was hung out at the door. The worth of the finest things has always been latest to be recognized, and the blunt fact was that the wool was the symbol of a life made of very common material and to be spent in a seclusion of spinning and weaving. But if the child was a boy, high ambitions were stirred. A boy might be president, as it were. The olive tree was the great tree of Attica, its state-tree, sacred to its goddess Athena. The olive-

branch was on the coins of its realm. A wreath of olive leaves was the crown of the victor at the world-renowned Olympian games. Hence for the birth of a boy the parents fastened a branch of olive to the door. We hang nothing at our door for a birth. The Greeks hung nothing there for a death. Olive for the Greek's coming into life, crape for our going out of it. Which is the more excellent way?

The infant was put in a basket or on some animal's skin or cloth and, as to-day, was washed at once, in a mixture of oil and water warmed for his tender skin (*χύτρα*, *χυτρώσαι* : wine was added in Sparta for its supposedly strengthening quality). Thereupon long linen bands were wound about his body, around his arms, and then around the body outside the arms, the final result resembling an Indian papoose. He had his cradle, of course. In Athens there was no old woman who lived in a shoe, but the child's cradle was sometimes shaped very much like a low-cut shoe. The 'sole' was curved somewhat, so that the cradle could be rocked. It had holes at the sides, too, through which ropes could be put for hanging the infant up out of harm's way or by which the cradle could be swung soothingly to and fro (cf. Van Hoorn, op. cit., p. 9). They said prayers over him, invoking the providential care of Artemis and other gods.

The Greek boy was not a Hebrew to be circumcised on the eighth day, but on the fifth day, as a kind of formal ceremony, the nurse took him in her arm and ran around the hearth which was in the center of the men's room or andron (the *ἀμφιδρόμια*), to show that the boy was to have free course among the men of the house, to feel the warmth of its fire, and to share the especial blessing of the god of the hearth-stone. On this same day there was a family feast at which the board was spread with cabbage, shell-fish, cheese and other ordinary viands. The street door also was used again, this time for hanging out a garland.

The tenth day, however, was much more significant. For us the assertion of a child's right to live is settled long before it is born by the Hebrew thought that a human being is made in the image of God and that no destructive hand must be laid on any copy of the divine original, settled too by the Christian thought that the beginning of a child's life is the beginning of preparation for an immortal and eternal life, with which no one must interfere, a training and discipline which no one must dare to cut short, and settled too by precise statute laws into which these thoughts of the sanctity of human life have been crystallized. But it was not so in the days when Phidias wrought out of gold and ivory the matchless chryselephantine statue of Athena. In that day power over the child's life and death lay with the parent, whose unquestioned property he was.

On the child's tenth day, then, the father made a feast, invited his friends and neighbors, solemnly declared that the child was his child, declared his decision that the child should live, and that he would be responsible for the child's teaching and training. Moreover, this was his name-day, when it was announced what the child would be called. Announced, mark you, for you remember the story Aristophanes tells of the youth who followed the races to his ruin, buying as well as betting. The father of the prodigal refers sadly to the irony in his name. Back at the time of his birth, it seems, there had been a heated discussion over his naming. The father wished to follow the usual custom and name the child Pheidonides, 'the frugal one', after his grandfather. But his mother had visions of a time when her son would drive some four-horse chariot of power and wished to give him a name compounded with *ἵππος*, 'horse'. They made a ridiculous compromise and, compounding the first half of the grandfather's name with the word for horse, gave it a patronymic or ancestral ending, and called him Pheidippides, or the man who is descended from one who is frugal with horses. Aristophanes deals with the comic, of course, but his comedy and other indications clearly show that modern pictures of parents quarreling over the naming of their child are after all very natural copies of very ancient originals. But however reached, through family storm or family calm, the announcement of the child's name on his tenth day was signalled by presents brought in and bestowed by the assembled guests. Some were of metal and some were of clay. There were rattles among them and dolls, for babies were the same in that yesterday as they are to-day, and will be forever. Again religion played its part, and there were sacrifices and thank-offerings to the family gods and especially to Hera Eileithyia who presided over the entrance of infants into our mortal life.

At the harvest-home festival of the Apaturia in the autumn of the next year, or possibly of a year or two later, at the gathering of the father's phratry or clan, the child's parentage received its wider social and legal recognition, and his name was enrolled on the general register of the clan, not always without opposition, however; when the clan refused the enrollment altogether, the child was practically branded a bastard.

Journeying out of infancy, the child enters upon a second stage of general human interest. To every boy the day of play comes, the day of toys and games. Natural objects allured the Greek child as they do ours. He chased the butterfly and caught the bug. As our boy catches a fly and sticks a bit of pointed tissue paper into him and watches him fly away with the appendage, so the Greek boy would catch a beetle, tie a considerable piece of string to

one of his legs and watch it trail after him as he flew away. The Greek boy got the little indented bones from the joints of sheep, goats, and antelopes, and, even if he could not have regular jack-stones, he had his game of knuckle-bones, and, like Alciabiades, he would play the game in the middle of the street and run the risk of being struck down by some heavy team. He caught the lizard by the tail and tried to hold him, or poked and tormented him into activity. He played with his pet bird or dog and perhaps tormented him till he got bitten and went howling away to his mamma for help, though it is only the playing and not the bite or howl that we can directly prove from monuments.

But not to notice any further the Greek boy's interesting plays with the living things of nature, we pass to his numerous manufactured toys. His top was a simple whip-top¹ of terra-cotta or bronze (cf. *Athenische Mittheilungen* 13.427; 15.374). There is no sign that he made it spin by winding a string around it as our lads do, nor did the ingenuity of his day produce anything like a humming top. But he whipped his whirling thing and made it whirl faster and faster. A light circular rim could be driven along with rapid pleasure then as now. The Greek boy had his hoop², made not of fine-drawn iron or bronze to be sure as with us and the Romans, but of wood. He as well as his sister felt the pull of the kite, not a butterfly kite or a box kite, but a simple triangular affair made of some light material. He had his ball, and, as a little child, let it roll down an inclined board and rush away with the acquired momentum. When he grew older, he and his fellows threw and caught the ball between them or against some wall, or batted it about with their hands, or caught and threw it while riding pick-a-back (cf. Van Hoorn, pp. 62 f.). The Greek boy got astride a stick and rode it for a hobby-horse. He balanced a board across some handy support and with his comrade see-sawed it up and down. He took a rope and rigged up a swing and made it make the long, breezy oscillations seen at the Sunday School picnic of today. He had the same desire for the sense of extended personality which Lotze in his *Mikrokosmos* so clearly and delightfully explains as the foundation of the love of almost all articles of dress from the long silk train that wipes the dust from the ball-

room floor to the tall and tipping silk tile of the city dude. So the Greek boy fastened stilts to his feet or ankles and had the joy of walking on high among his fellows. The Greek boy dragged about his little cart, a small square box on little wheels or a mere wheel attached to a pole. Afterward he had a larger one in which he drew his playmate about or made the playmate draw him. Still later he had a goat for a steed or a pair of goats or dogs for a team. Sometimes, if we can trust the vase-paintings, his driving was evidently like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for "he drove furiously".

If we go from the Greek lad's gambols with living objects in nature and from his pleasure with his toys and carts to his games with his fellows, we find him playing hide and seek, though I have not definitely discovered any of our modern details such as counting or running to a goal. He was acquainted with the tug-of-war, including the use of a rope with several boys taking sides against several others at the tugging. One boy carried another pick-a-back. Then there was the game of the bronze fly, or, as we should say, blind man's buff. One boy was blinded with a handkerchief or cloth and the other boys were conceived of as bronze-colored flies and just as we might say, 'I'll catch you, you yellow-jacket', so the boy who was it called out, 'I'll chase the bronze fly', to which the common retort of the others was, 'You'll chase him but you won't catch him'. And one and another of them would stealthily creep up behind him and give him a crack with his hand or with a little whip of papyrus reed, and instantly dodge out of reach. This went on till some one, being caught, had to take his turn in the blindfold chase.

When school-days came, the Greek boy would, alas, sometimes play truant. And when the Tom Sawyers and the Huckleberry Finns of the Age of Pericles did 'play hookey', sad to relate, they went off and pitched pennies, that is tossed coins, played dice, and did other things of that ilk, which have a strangely modern sound.

But playing truant suggests the whole matter of going to school. It so happens that some of the seven acts of this paper correspond with the seven ages of As You Like It, because the great dramatist never fumbled with human life, but grasped it. We turn, then, now to the "whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping snail-like unwillingly to school". No doubt there was home teaching before the child went to school. There were nursery stories with bugaboes and ghosts. And always remember this paper does no romancing, and, lest you forget, let me add some of the names of the bugaboes: Mormo, whose sound reminds us of our 'Mome, Mome, mumbly mome', Acco, Lamia, and Empusa. There were fables from Aesop with the inevitable moral attachment, and stories from Greek

¹ There are four such representations on Greek vases and in three of these men or women are whipping the tops; this shows that the sport was not confined to the young but furnished amusement and exercise for adults, as in Japan to-day. But in *Anthologia Palatina* 6.309 the top is mentioned as a boy's plaything, along with the ball, rattle and knuckle-bones. The whip on the vase at Johns Hopkins (Hartwig, *Meisterschalen*, Pl. 72) has three lashes, not one, as Hartwig says. The vase in New York (cf. *American Journal of Archaeology*, 1907, 421) is unknown to Van Hoorn.

² To the list in Van Hoorn, p. 72, could be added many other illustrations on Greek vases. Among others I have noticed two on red-figured amphoras in St. Petersburg, and two in Boston, one on a Nolan amphora, the other on a cantharus in the style of Brygos published by Professor Tarbell in the *Chicago Decennial Publications*, Volume 6.

mythology. But at the age of seven the boy must separate from his sister, and start for school with his pedagogue. The pedagogue was a slave belonging to the lad's father. His duty was to keep perpetual watch over the boy's manners as well as over his safety, to care for his politeness, respectfulness in regard to his parents, reverence to his superiors, and pious demeanor toward the gods. We all know the spirit in which a slave exercises authority, if once it is entrusted to him. The pedagogue could administer corporal punishment to the child. He was usually an oldish man and the boy had no great love for his gravity, strictness, and severity of manner. This is the person referred to when the epistle to the Galatians calls "the law a school-master to lead to Christ". The ordinary translation is quite misleading, for this man, the pedagogue, was precisely not a school-master. The school was the school of Christ and the school-master was Christ. It is hard to see how any one who knew what the office of this slave was could call him a school-master. Well, when the boy and his slave tutor reached the school, they came not to a high brick building, but to some convenient spot in the open air or under the shade of some tree, or at best to some rickety old shed. A very plain bench without a back furnished a seat for the boys. The school was usually small; the largest of which we have definite knowledge had 60 pupils, the smallest two. The school with 60 seemed remarkably large even to so great a traveller as Pausanias, who tells how Cleomedes the athlete went mad from grief at the loss of the decision and pulled down the column which held up the roof of the school-house and, when stoned, jumped into a chest and mysteriously disappeared, the same Samson-like story which occurs in Plutarch's *Romulus*. The school with two was so small as to provoke a jest. Its master, Stratonicus, was asked "how many pupils he had", and replied, "twelve, with the Gods". The fact was he had in his school-room separate statues of the nine Muses and a statue of Apollo. That made ten and the two boys made twelve. The presence of these statues seems to indicate that the pupils were given some idea of the different departments of education over which the various Muses presided and the statues themselves would be mildly instructive at least in an artistic way. But it is hardly probable that many schools were so well furnished. As to the number of students, if sixty was an extraordinarily large number and two a ridiculously small one, we may guess at 15 and 20 as an average ancient Greek school. In fact, the schools were small and numerous rather than few and large.

The school hours were long. At least they began early and ended late. In the earliest times they seem to have begun before sunrise, but Solon evidently did not sympathize with the idea of getting children

to school simply to get them out of the way, and enacted a law in Athens that the session should not begin till sunrise. Yet on the other hand, the opening hour was probably not much later than sunrise, for in the neighboring Boeotia, at the flowering time of Greek culture, the Thracians before sunrise attacked the town of Mycalessus, found the children already assembled in the largest school of that town, and cruelly massacred them in a body. School did not close in the afternoon till about sunset. It was not an all day affair, however, for there was a long noon-day intermission; judging from the general habits of the people, one might guess that this recess lasted say from 11 to 2 o'clock, while the boy went home to get something to eat and take a mid-day siesta. Holidays, too, were somewhat numerous, but, yet again on the other hand, there was no long summer vacation stretching as ours does into weeks and even months.

(To be continued.)

Johns Hopkins University. DAVID M. ROBINSON.

"AGATHON" AND THE RESCUE OF FRENCH CULTURE

In the present crisis of the humanistic controversy in France, which the letter of An Englishman, reprinted in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* for November 4, describes so vigorously, two particular manifestations have assumed a prominence which should make them of interest to everyone who cares for classical studies. One of these is the series of articles published in the latter part of last year over the Platonic signature of Agathon and issued as a book in January, 1911, with the title of *L'Esprit de la Nouvelle Sorbonne*. The other is the *Ligue pour la culture française*, launched at the beginning of the past summer under the presidency of M. Jean Richepin.

The French genius for 'clarity' which seems on some accounts to be in peril, appears perhaps in nothing more notably than in the form of the battle which is waged over it. The slogan of the defenders of the faith, *la crise de la culture classique, la crise du français*, gives instant prominence to that phase of educational values which is directly concerned in the classical controversy, the fact that what we mean, often with a lamentable vagueness, by the term 'culture' has chiefly to do with the arts of expression.

Yet even in France the controversy has its complications, partly accidental, partly of the most intimate significance. No doubt, in any such warfare, it is universally natural to try to link with the adversary's cause as much of the adventitious evil that men do as possible. In France the issue of democracy against political reactionism and clericalism is one of these complications, perversely important, owing to the extreme centralization of the educational